

NIFTY LESSONS IN BUYING

How to Protect Yourself Against the Scientific Salesman--By Prof. O. U. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) Chief Squeeze Bojack's Correspondence School.

FORE SPIEL.

Before the advent of the Scientific Salesman the Buyer had more or less of a cryptic clinch. Not so to-day. The Schools of Scientific Salesmanship have come along and transformed all these grinning Order Taking Mechanics into cold rolled polished steel Salesmen--strong, easy running and durable.

In a word, these latter day, scientifically pruned Salesmen have got your number patted in their flat Fedoras. They can read your mind in less time than it takes the factory to clear after the whistle blows, and they know they can sooner or later pull you over and make you sign up without laying a paw on you.

During the past few years many a perfectly good Buyer of the Old School has had to give up his Warm Chair in the Purchasing Department simply because he couldn't help taking on everything that came tripping along in the shape of a Line of Goods. He didn't know how to sidestep the stiff Mental Wallpapers of the Scientific Salesman.

We heard of one Buyer for a large Wholesale Grocery House who slipped under the spell of one of these scientific Selling Gentlemen and contracted for a consignment of Undertakers' Supplies. He didn't seem to realize that he was laying in Dead Stock. Giddap! And so the next day the Boss handed him his Managerial Obituary, and now he's pyramiding peaches on a pushcart.

Another Buyer for a large brass foundry lost all control of himself under the Persuasive Eloquence of a skilled salesman and purchased fourteen carloads of cabbages for his firm. To-day he's selling chewing gum at the subway entrance, but his heart doesn't seem to be in the work.

Realizing therefore the hefty handicap under which Buyers for American firms are laboring these days in counteracting the genius Salesman scientific, Prof. Bojack (Bus. Doc.), has once more hurdled to the rescue and presents in the following pages a scientific course of instruction in the subtle art of buying.

In studying this Course of Lessons a neat plan is to first read straight through the book with ears akimbo and muscles of the map relaxed. Then begin at the last page and read each sentence backward until you pull up at page one again. Then turn the book upside down and go after it once more, rubbing briskly with a hot towel. Lastly, shake the book over something to see if there are any loose bits of information that you failed to pick up when you were going through it before.

LESSON I.

How to Protect Yourself Against the Scientific Salesman.

SUCCESSFUL Salesmanship is three parts Hypnotism and one part The Goods.

Successful Buymanship means getting wise to this fact and staying wise to it every minute that the Scientific Salesman is on the premises.

Man is a Dual Mental Organism, but there's no need of getting excited about it and frightening the women and children. Man has two Minds--an objective Mind and a subjective Mind. His Objective Mind does his Thinking for him, when he does not delegate the job to somebody else. His Subjective Mind does his Feeling for him.

Every salesman tries, either consciously or unconsciously, to elbow past your Objective or Reasoning Mind and get down into your Subjective or Feeling Mind with his eloquent power of Suggestion, so that you will be speeded up to buying his goods. Therefore by keeping constantly in your Objective Carburator the thought that you are onto his game and that if anybody is going to talk to your Subjective Mind you yourself are the boy who is going to do it, then you simply can't be wuffed into buying a lot of junk that you don't really need.

Let us illustrate, will you? All right. A salesman enters your office. He comes in on horseback, we'll say. He dismounts, ties his horse to an ink bottle and hands a sack of oats to the horse, who promptly distributes it about the place, tossing a few select seeds into your whiskers for luck.

Then he turns around and says "Good morning."

The salesman says it--not the horse. You say, "Good morning."

The salesman says, "Gee, but I've had a long hot ride."

Now right there is where the salesman begins to get in his hypnotic work. He wants you to feel how he has had to suffer from the heat in order to gallop up to your place and give you the privilege of buying his goods. He wants to

get past your cold Objective Mind as quickly as possible and dive down to your Subconscious Garage--the place where you keep your sixty horse-power feelings and emotions.

Some salesmen lead off by asking you in trembling solicitude how business is,

kind your wife puts over when she winds her wing tenderly around your tired business man's neck and says "You-look-all-fagged-out-you-poor-dear-please-give-me-thirty-beans-for-a-new-hobble-skirt." Only she's more manly about it than the salesman. The salesman says, "Have a cigar, Professor Bojack (Bus. Doc.)," but he does not add, "for which I expect you to be influenced toward buying my rotten line of goods."

But to go back. After our overheated salesman gets through wiping the perspiration from his forehead on his handkerchief and your time he opens

Always pipe a salesman right in the eye all the time he is canvassing you and let him talk himself out like a woman with a young secret.

or they hand you a cigar of uncertain behavior under fire, or they shoot over some sentimental observation on the size of your morning's mail, wondering how you can possibly get through so much work in a day, and so on--yet.

All such stuff is framed to tap your feelings and is linked up carefully with their design to land you for a piece of pie. It's only fake solicitude. It's the



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Prof. was a gallant Union Soldier until the war broke out. He also came near serving in the Spanish-American War, and in addition he chaperoned a cargo of mules all the way to South Africa when 150,000 British troops with their spurs and medals were clanking down there to whip 19,000 farmers. Prof. is a born warrior, but has come to know the difference between a war for Grubbeimer and a war for Grabbeimer, and nowadays when anybody talks Flag he uses his Objective Mind and doesn't get all het up about it.

After the salesman has exhaled a fairly impressive bunch of gas about the technical points of his machine, he next goes into the psychology of the Business Letter, and here you've got to watch yourself like a bank balance. He tells you of the "persuasive power" of a neat typewritten letter and the punk effect of a bum looking letter, and before you realize it he is linking these facts into a logical frankfurter connection with the Morals and Ethics of the Community at large.

His work is so smooth that you don't know at what point you left the dull prosaic shore of typewriter technicality and landed in the cosmic current. All you know is that you want to do something big in the world, and the biggest thing just now is this Tangle Key which will give you the proper start along altruistic lines.

What's the cause of all this stir up within you anyway? Simply this: the salesman has got a Hackenschmidt triangle hold on your Subjective Mind and he's got your Objective or Reasoning Mind sleeping like a tired baby in his crib. That's why his whole argument seems so sensible and logical to you--until after he has gone and the hypnotic influence begins to rub off. But of course you've bought the stuff then, and he's on to some other town doing his stunt over again.

A salesman for a certain implement manufacturing concern recently told Professor Bojack (Bus. Doc.) on the quiet that when he starts out to sell a bill of goods in these days of scientific mental sandbagging, he first sets about to make his customers see that it is the Godgiven mission of America, assisted by T. Roosevelt and L. Pynkham, to polish up the morals of mankind.

they have, come to think of it, been lately feeling a kind of Spiritual Urge, he comes pounding down the main road of his violet ray discourse by showing them that the best way they can speed up their business and accelerate Civilization's Grand March is to contract for his line of implements--40 and 10, sixty days, 2 per cent. for cash--which will grow better crops, make the farmers more prosperous and happy, give the farmers' boys a chance to go to a Ral Rah School and study boozology, and thus dust up the nation educationally so that it can go after its God-given mission right.

This feeling of patriotism for your own country and tell with the others is another subconscious registration centuries old. It has been pumped into every Subconscious Mind on this here little planet or ours since the Stone Age until to-day all of us perfectly good Christians around the world are so puffed up under the arms with it that when anybody comes along and tells us that our Patriotism is nothing but a musty hangover of Barbarism and that the whole human bunch is one we don't do a thing but fall upon his flat traitorous chest and beat him to a phosphorescent pulp.

[Publisher's Notice--Prof will shift the rest of this from his bosom at the Hicksville Opera House.]

size and importance should use such a pneumatic old lawn mower. He doesn't try to make you look like a damp pool or anything like that. He merely looks surprised.

On a desk over in a corner he spies one of your machines not in use. The girl is out fixing her hair. He inserts a slice of paper in the machine, tosses a few comments on the bungling carriage arrangement, and then starts to peel off the familiar shorthand school sentence, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Suffragettes." He has a shrewd professional way of walloping certain combinations of keys all at once, so that the sentence looks something like this when the clinic is over, "Now is the time, etc."

"That's one of the great faults of the Rummymon," he observes with a near weep as he shows you the paper. "It is indeed a pity that a big firm like the Rummymon, who have done such a fine patriotic work in helping to make the great American nation known abroad, cannot solve this vital question of perfect alignment which we have solved in our famous Tangle Key."

Mark the natty steps in the progress of the salesman's canvass. He first hands the Rummymon people a neat, compact little compliment for doing their noble share in boosting the grand old American flag in foreign countries and then goes to work and musses it all up when he considers it a "pity"--almost a national calamity--that the Rummymon organization cannot be of really great service to its country by putting over a typewriter that will do up an ordinary every day word without having each alphabetical letter of it ashamed to sit in the same seat with its neighbor.

Now if you allow your feelings for the Star-Spangled Banner to get the upper hand you will be tempted to buy some of this salesman's typewriters merely to help his firm fatten its possibilities for patriotic work in foreign pastures. In other words, if you put aside your objective or reasoning Mind and fall for this flag stuff you belong in the Family Circle at a Hicksville matinee where they hitch the Stars and Stripes to the bum acts to pull them through.

Let us sidestep here a moment to say that we all agree that the Star Spangled Banner is thoroughly to the decent, and we all love to see her steking around no matter where we may be. Indeed Professor Bojack (Bus. Doc.) is a patriot of no rotten ability himself. Prof. is the hero of three wars as well as a large bunch of family battles. He lives and thrives on fighting it up at times without pepper or salt.

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is always as wide open as a village gate, falls under the influence of the powerful suggestions sent vibrating through the ether and becomes quickly cured of any Government ownership mania it might have been afflicted with, and winds up by crawling up on the large lap of its trust papa and fooling with his watch chain.

Along somewhat similar lines the scientific salesman plans his suggestive thesis away in advance of the time he calls to nail it to your subconscious mind.

Before the season opens the Salesman says to himself "Let's see! What shall I tell my Friend Buyer in order to land him for a few carloads of these swell feather-lined pajamas?" He thinks a while, meantime paring a hangnail absent mindedly, and then he decides he'll open his canvass by calling attention to the Public's need of perfect rest during sleep. These are the days of Public Service you know, and you've got to ring it in somehow. So he frames it up something like this:

The Public needs perfect rest during sleep. Warm pajamas are indispensable to a perfect R.P.--especially in Summer. The famous Scratchem Brand of feather-lined are the ONLY warm pajamas.

And there you have it--just like that!

He dwells of course on your obligation to the public to equip it with rest producing nocturnal harness, and he will get the altruistic microbe into you some way, if he has to administer it hypodermically.

No matter what line he's selling it is the same. If he's placing some new kind of box making machinery, for illustration, which turns out 100 per cent. stronger boxes with 100 per cent. less wood, he will call your attention to the shameful waste of timber in America, and the crying need of conservation, and the first thing you know your little bosom will be throbbing with emotion under the urge of a high sense of public duty in making Doc. Woodman spare the tree.

Only within recent years has this "Public Duty" stuff and the "Free Born American Citizen" bull been pulled in the Game of Commerce. The "Trusts" started it as soon as they recognized the Public's susceptibility to altruistic suggestion, and it came into the regular Selling Game with the advent of the Scientific Salesman, who, as we whispered quietly in the first chapter, knows that the Subconscious or Feeling Mind is the dynamic dinkus that moves a man to do a thing, and that the feeling of unselfish service to the nation, if once stirred up to the right consistency, is a pippin of a business getter as well as a neat little prejudice exterminator.

We might go on indefinitely shooting off examples of how the game of Suggestive Hypnotism is played, but Prof. must do the chores yet to-night, and besides, we've hung around the subject long enough to show you the importance of admitting into your Subconsciousness only those Suggestions holding reserve seats vied by your own Objective Mind.

Just a moment, please! Always pipe a salesman straight in the eye all the time he is canvassing you. Don't let your lamps wander along his horsey vest or try to search out the truth of his statements in the roots of his auburn hair. Glue your gaze to his peepers. The eye is the taximeter of the Mind. And you can get all the inside dope you want about any man by concentrating on his glib and letting him go ahead and talk himself out like a woman with a young secret.

If any one has gathered from the foregoing literature that we are out mal-jeeling the Scientific Salesman, let him read Prof's luculent treatise, "Little Nifty Lessons in Salesmanship," and he will shift his mind. The fact is that after Prof. put over that now famous Work on Salesmanship a general cry shot up from Buyers all over the country for protection against the students of Bojack's Correspondence School.

The Buyers said they were being made the victims of Psychological Guim-choelism, and unless Prof. would show them how to ward off the Mental Sandbag of the Scientific Salesman they would have to pull down the Sunday shutters. Prof. therefore feels that in putting out this Classic for Buyers he is performing a Public Duty (get it?) and believe that hereafter there will be something doing when the Scientific Salesman ambles in to see the Purchasing Agent.

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FACE AND ARMS A SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

In Great Blotches, Itched Something Terrible, Pimples as Thick as a Grater, Eyes Swollen So Could Hardly See to Walk, Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

744 Garden Ave., East Orange, N. Y.-- "I first was afflicted with pimples on my body. I didn't notice them only as slight when they itched so I would wake up scratching them. The eczema came out in great blotches and itched something terrible. I could not keep from scratching. Inside of two weeks my face and arms were a sight. I could not put a tooth-pick on my arms and face, the pimples were as thick as a grater and discharge came from every one. My ears were swollen two inches in thickness and what I suffered! My eyes were swollen so I could hardly see enough so I could walk. "I was treated but got no relief. I was discouraged and thought, 'If death would only relieve me.' It didn't seem as if I could stand it much longer. My sister came to see me and I asked her if she would send for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. She sent right to the drug store and got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment for me. The first night they gave me relief enough so I could sleep some. The second night I slept right through. Inside of two weeks my body, arms and face were soft and nice. I was cured." (Signed) Mrs. L. E. De Groz, Oct. 14, 1913.

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